THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

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SELECT TALES.

The Widowed Bride.

BY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

[Concluded.]

THE duke apprehending, and no wonder, that Lorenzo's repugnance to the match would betray itself, had resolved that the nuptials should be private. His niece he would have permitted to attend; but the haughty lady returned an answer, in which she declined to avail herself of the privilege. The hour of nine drew near. The duke repaired to the chapel. The holy man and his assistant were the only persons whom he found there. Advancing towards the altar, as he passed the ducal pew, he heard a half-suppressed groan. It came from the poet, who was kneeling at the seat where the countess performed her devotions.

'Lorenzo,' whispered the duke.

The young man started up, and turned upon him a countenance in which agony was depicted.

'I am here, my liege,' replied Lorenzo, solemnly, 'I am come to perform my promise.

'Tis well,' said the duke: 'you see I have contrived that your nuptials shall be private.—Not even the father of your bride shall be present. A matter of imperative moment has called him from Padua. Nor shall I tax you with mirth or feasting; until the hour of rest, you shall pass the time with me in my closet, where I shall detail to you the plans which I have already formed for your prosperity; your bride shall keep company with her maidens——But they might have lighted the chapel better,' remarked the duke, 'though I can see more than I wish to see,' added he, looking at Lorenzo, 'yet it is but imperfectly that I distinguish your features.'

Footsteps were heard—the bride was approaching. She entered, timidly veiled, supported by her bridemaid and another female friend, and slowly approached the altar. The duke instinctively turned his eyes upon Lorenzo, and saw that it was with difficulty he could stand—he was tottering.

'One effort,' whispered the duke, 'and I am bound to you immeasurably, and for ever—my all depends upon you!'

'I shall keep my word,' replied the young man, in an under tone, but with an accent which left but little doubt as to the cost at which that word must be kept.

'Proceed!' said the duke to his chaplain.

The ceremony commenced—proceeded—was concluded. In murmurs, scarcely audible, the bride delivered the repetitions and responses. During a ceremony, under the most auspicious circumstances trying to a woman, she received indeed, but little support from the demeanor of the bridegroom, whose words fell upon the ear,

Like voice of augury foreboding woe.

'Come, Lorenzo,' said the duke 'attend me to my closet.'

'In a moment,' replied the young man, and placing in the hand of the bride a paper which he took from his bosom, precipitately retired with his patron.

Two hours did the duke and the poet remain together. Not an argument that his ingenuity could suggest, did the former fail to employ in the hope of reconciling Lorenzo to his destiny. The young man listened in silence. Wealth, preferment, honors were promised him, but nothing could dispel the despondency which had taken entire possession of his soul. At length the clock chimed the first quarter of the midnight hour. The duke arose—rang—the summons was promptly obeyed.

'Conduct Signor Lorenzo to his chamber,' said the duke. Lorenzo mechanichally followed the attendant.

He entered the ante-room adjoining the bridal chamber. The door was closed after him by the attendant. His bride was there, attired as in the chapel. She had not even removed her veil, which so effectually concealed her countenance, that her thoughts could not be inferred from its workings. As soon as the sound of the attendant's receding footsteps had ceased, she arose, and pointing to a paper which lay on the table that was near her, retired by the door which the bridegroom had entered. Lorenzo hastily opened the paper—its contents amazed him. Thus they ran:—

'I honor your feelings, little as they flatter her, whom the duke did not deem unworthy of your hand. I have obeyed you, and refrained from entering the chamber which I know you regard with abhorrence. I have anticipated you; you mean to fly this night from Padua. At midnight a conveyance will be in readiness, and you shall be accompanied by a person who will not betray you, and who is provided with ample means to meet the exigencies of your flight. At the appointed hour repair to the gate of the palace.—You shall find no stop, no difficulty, no disappointment.'

'Most generous of women!' exclaimed Lorenzo; would that I could love you!'

'The second chime!—the third!—the fourth!—The hour of midnight struck! he descended.—His bride—his slighted bride had kept her word! Each door that might have arrested his progress yielded to him.—He found himself in the open air. He turned to look once more upon the palace—he raised his eyes to the window of the countess. How his heart throbbed at the sight of the fair form that was leaning out of it! though seen but indistinctly, for there was no light except what the stars afforded. He thought she waved an arm to him as if to urge his flight. She did so.—Could she be aware of what had taken place? He knelt—he breathed her name—he invoked a blessing upon it. She vanished—he rose and fled.

The palace gate was opened to him. A vehicle and four was in waiting; he sprang into it. His promised companion was beside him.—In a moment the wheels were in motion, and furious was the rate in which they revolved. Within a mile, however, of the first stage, a smart tap was heard at the window. 'Twas opened.

'We are pursued!' whispered a horseman.

'Pursued!' exclaimed a voice that made Lorenzo's heart leap as if it would bound out of his bosom.

'Yes they are gaining upon us. I know them by their lights—you can see them half a mile behind, descending a hill.'

'Stop, and let us out!' exclaimed Lorenzo's companion.

The vehicle no sooner stopped than it was empty.

'Now drive on—you are safe! You know you have the duke's warrant for what you have done.' The deserted vehicle proceeded. 'Hush! and follow me,' continued the same voice addressing Lorenzo. He obeyed.—They dived into a forest that skirted the road. Dark as night was they threaded rapidly the mazes of the woody labyrinth till failing respiration commanded a pause.

'I must stop, Lorenzo,' said his companion.

'The countess!' exclaimed the youth.

'Thy bride!' replied the countess, and sank in his arms, hanging with her own upon his neck.

It had been a contest between love and pride. The first bold act with the poet, when his passion mastered his discretion, discovered to the countess the interest which he had created in her heart; and at the same time presented to her in their full magnitude the impediments to their union, arising from the wide disparity of rank. In a moment she resolved to conquer her attachment; and, as the most effectual means of doing so, she ever after sedulously cultivated the sentiment that was hostile to it. 'Tis strange that the mood which a valued object excites is not unfrequently indulged in towards all besides. Hence the gentle prince of Milan fared no better than the humble poet. But what she thought to eradicate was daily taking deeper root. She felt it, yet she endeavored not to believe it. Severer grew the struggle, yet she kept it up, till it shook the fair rose from her cheek. The penetration of the Frenchman brought it to a crisis; the incident in the saloon, when, in her terror at the storm, she clasped Lorenzo, betrayed to him her secret—That secret he imparted to the duke, to whom he was a suitor, in order to improve his interest. The cause of the countess' repugnance to matrimony was, at last, apparent. If it were possible to remove that cause, it struck the duke that to affiance Lorenzo to another was the means. The poet's marriage with the daughter of the Chevalier de Barre was consequently resolved upon. The lady was consulted—was indifferent—consented—communicated to the countess the intention of the duke. Now was the time for an effort—she made that effort; collected all her pride, repaired to the closet of the duke, and triumphed; but the fruits of her victory were the repentance and despair which stretched her exhausted and almost lifeless along the hillock where the appointed bride had found her.—Her secret, before conjectured, was now confessed; her suffering was apparent; the remedy suggested—urged—adopted. The countess was substituted for her namesake, the daughter of the Chevalier de Barre.—

A gloomy stately man stood leaning against the trunk of a tree. Before him lay two that slept. He gazed upon them, meditating.—At a distance, a group of attendants was in waiting. A name, uttered unconsciously in accents of melting tenderness, awakened one of the sleepers. An eye radiant as love's own star, opened. A cheek a moment before as pale as alabaster, at once grew crimson red!—yet was it not raised from the breast which hath served for its pillow, nor withdrawn from another cheek, the consciousness of whose close neighborhood had changed its hue.

'It is day—it is day!' murmured a voice of dulcet tone. 'Awake!—Awake! Let us continue our flight!'

The magic sounds were heard and obeyed. The eyes of the slumberer burst with a flash of transport from the spell that bound them—but soon their light began to fade, as they started from the face on which they had opened, and stood glaring upon some object of aversion and alarm.

'Merciful Providence! what gaze you at?'

The arms of the speaker were gently disengaged by the object addressed, whom they surrounded; and both simultaneously sprang upon their feet.

'My uncle!' exclaimed the countess; and, clasping Lorenzo again, hid her face in his bosom.

'I will resign her only with my life!' said Lorenzo, as his rapier flew from its scabbard.

'Sheathe your sword, young man,' said the duke. 'I know you are not to blame, I feel no resentment towards you. The affair is an untoward one; but as it cannot be remedied, we must even make the best of it. I acknowledge you as the husband of my niece. You will have no objection to accompany me to Padua.'

The duke motioned to his attendant, who instantly led the way. The party soon regained the road, where two carriages—the duke's own and that in which the lover's fled—where in waiting. The latter found, to their amazement, that instead of penetrating deeper into the forest they had wandered back almost to the place at which they had entered it, and there had reclined to rest themselves, overpowered with fatigue and watching. The duke commanded the door of his own carriage to be opened, desiring Lorenzo to hand the countess in. Lorenzo obeyed, and then stepped back.

'No,' said the duke, 'you shall not be separated from your bride; I shall ride in the other carriage.' An hour and a little more conveyed them to the palace, to which they were admitted by a private entrance.

The duke kept his word. Before his friends and his household he acknowledged Lorenzo as the husband of the countess; and leading the way to the banqueting-room placed the one on his right hand and the other on his left, at the head of the table. The prince of Milan had quitted the palace.

The evening was a joyous one—dancing, music—all the appliances and means of festivity. At length the bride, attended by her fair namesake retired.

Sweet though brief was the converse of the friends, as the gracefully-adjusted drapery fell, fold by fold from a form, to rival the mold of which the matchless Grecian must have surpassed his master work. The form at length the nuptial couch received, when pressing her lips to the snowy forehead of the countess, the fair assistant retired from the apartment.

The door of that apartment did not open again that night; conjecture, suspense, alarm were the occupants of that nuptial couch; the day dawned upon eyes which had never closed their lids for watching for one that came not. The morning was far advanced, when a knock at the chamber door startled the countess. Hastily concealing the arms, which, withdrawn from their covering, had lain listless and cold as the marble which they surpassed in their polish and whiteness, she tremulously inquired 'Who was there?'

'Your uncle,' replied the duke, entering as he spoke. The countess fixed on him a gaze of piercing scrutiny mingled with reproach.

'I see,' said he 'you guess the purport of my visit. 'Tis even so—your bridegroom is at this time a hundred miles from Padua.'

A groan—and senseless as a corse, the bride lay stretched before him.

The duke having summoned the attendants of the countess, and committed her to their charge descended to the library and threw himself into a chair. There he sat the greater part of an hour, without ever once changing his position or lifting his eyes from the ground. Deep was his abstraction and gloomy were his thoughts. What was their tenor may be guessed, when the blood fled from his face, as raising his eyes, upon hearing a slight movement in the chamber, they encountered the form of the bride.

'Where is my husband?' she solemnly inquired.

The duke did not reply, but rose and drawing a chair towards the one which he had been occupying himself, approached her to conduct her to it—she recoiled from the hand which he presented to her.

'Where is my husband?' she repeated.

'Where your own wishes would have him,

were they subject to discretion,' was the duke's reply; 'where he is satisfied that it is to his interest and yours to remain, until he can demand, with grace, enjoyment of the right which your rashness has unhappily given him.'

'Where is he?' she reiterated.

'On his way to the frontier, to join the army of the states—to acquire honors, fast as he chooses to win them—to obtain promotion rapidly as my interest can command it—in a word to render himself more worthy of the title of your husband.'—The duke's eyes here met those of the countess, and steadily returned her questioning gaze. 'In a day or two you will hear from him,' he continued, 'he will then himself attest the truth of what I have told you. The commission which I intended to present him with as the reward of his obedience, I have conferred upon him as a means of obviating, as far as possible, the disgrace of this alliance—with the single stipulation, that he makes no attempt to see you, until his merits, backed by my influence, shall have advanced him to a command.'

No comment did the countess pass upon the communication of the duke, except what a sigh might be thought to have uttered. She stood for a time regarding him; her brow slightly knit, a faint tremulous movement upon her lips; then crossing her arms upon her breast, and lifting her eyes to heaven, turned from him and withdrew.

For a month did the countess obstinately decline all society, save that of her faithful namesake. By her she was made acquainted with the manner in which the duke became aware of her flight, with the confusion which followed the discovery; with the circumstance of the duke's having summoned her fair friend; who aware of the importance of thoroughly exculpating Lorenzo, declared to the duke that the plot had been exclusively of her own contrivance, and had been put into execution and perfected without the most remote suspicion on Lorenzo's part that the countess was his bride and fellow traveler. The countess, in her turn, related what had happened from the moment of alighting from the carriage till that of re-entering it. How danger, and consequently caution, were for a time forgotten in the transports that succeeded Lorenzo's discovery of who was indeed his bride—how, at length, they bethought themselves of the necessity of flight—how they wandered till dawn broke in upon them—how fatigue overpowered them—how sleep surprised them—her dismay upon seeing the duke.

The third week of the second month was approaching, when a summons from the duke announced the arrival of a letter from Lorenzo.—Hastily the countess descended to the saloon.—She was astonished to find the Prince of Milan there; and her surprise was increased at learning he was the bearer of Lorenzo's missive. He respectfully presented it, congratulating her upon the happy tenor of its contents. They were favorable indeed! Lorenzo had already gained a step: another one would bring him within a bound of the bright goal of his wishes. Nor was that all. The prince was charged with another commission, which with the leave of the duke he would execute. That leave was granted; and the unclasping of a small case of purple velvet, displayed to the countess the breathing likeness of Lorenzo. The countess tremblingly snatched the costly present—half raised it to her lips, but, checking herself, deposited it in her bosom; and presenting her hand to the prince, would have permitted the kiss which he was on the point of imprinting upon it, had not a glance, which she accidentally cast towards the duke, discovered to her a smile of painful, yet indefinable meaning.—Hastily she withdrew her hand; and, courtesying to the prince, retired.

Accompanied by her friend, she ascended to her apartment. As soon as she had reached it, she took the portrait of Lorenzo from her bosom, and gazed upon it—then caught it convulsively to her heart—then kissed it, and wept over it: at length she dried her tears, replaced the miniature, and taking her friend's hand, looked steadfastly in her face.

'They would persuade me, that it will be fair weather,' she exclaimed; 'but I know that a storm is gathering. God help me when it bursts! The sky looks clear, but the clouds are not away, but only lurking. The atmosphere is full of thunder—you cannot see it, but I feel it.'

'What mean you?' anxiously inquired the other.

'We shall never meet again!' was the countess' reply. 'We shall never meet again! His death and not his exaltation, is what they seek.—Unfortunate lover!—unhappy in loving!—more unhappy in being beloved! To possess me thou goest into the battle! There thou wilt win the plume; but it will wave—not in thy helm—but over thy bier! In seeking the good thou covetest, they know thou wilt be reckless of the bane, the chance of meeting which thou must encounter! 'Twill find thee! Thou wilt fall, Lorenzo! thou wilt fall! The bridegrom shall mount a bier—the bride shall be a widow. The Prince of Milan already counts upon the day when he shall invite her to other nuptials! Mark, if I am not a true prophet,' she said, as the duke entered the chamber.

'I am come,' said he, 'with further tidings of good fortune, which would have greeted you earlier, had you not so abruptly quitted the saloon. The general in command—a friend of mine—has charged himself with the care of your husband's fortunes. An important post in the enemy's lines is to be carried, and the honor of leading the assault will be conferred upon Lorenzo.'

The countess for a moment or two, gazed upon her uncle with a look of piteous deprecation, mingled with reproach. Suddenly the expression of her face changed; her brow became darkened—her eye flashed—her lips grew firmly compressed together. She folded her arms and drawing herself erect,

''Tis murder!' she said in a voice of appalling solemnity, 'I call on heaven to witness it—'tis murder!' Then throwing herself upon the neck of her friend, she burst into an agony of tears. The duke made no reply, but, scowling, left the apartment.

From that day week, a year did the sun rise and set, but light was a stranger to the mind of the countess. The sixth day from that on which she received her bridegroom's letter and portrait, the tidings of his death in battle, were communicated to her. She heard the relation without shedding a tear—as she listened to it, her reason became clouded. All that watchfulness and skill could do for her was attempted in vain—when suddenly as it had deserted her, the native brightness of her mind returned. Her physicians declared that her recovery, should it ever take place, would be permanent. It was so: a tender melancholy and a passiveness that readily granted compliance with aught that was demanded of her, were the sole remaining traces of her temporary insanity. She denied not her presence at the banquet, the ball, the chace; and the duke saw with satisfaction that she neither declined nor avoided the attentions of the Prince of Milan, who was constantly at her side. 'A month or two longer,' said he to himself, 'and I may venture to propose him to her. My life upon it, she accepts him at last.'

Two months passed over—and two others were permitted to follow them, before he ventured even remotely to hint at a union with the Prince of Milan. She did not affect to misunderstand him.

'Talk of marriage to a corse,' was her reply. 'My husband in his shroud, is not more the tenant of the grave than I am.'

'Your husband!' ejaculated the duke, with a half sarcastic smile; 'you talk of nuptials that were never consummated.'

The countess here dropped her eyes, which had been fixed on those of the duke. A blush began to dawn upon her cheek—deeper and deeper grew its die; she seemed as if struggling to give utterance to something that was passing within her. The effort was vain; she clasped her forehead with her hand, and sighing deeply, turned away.

'The duke for that time, desisted from further importunity, but he soon renewed the theme. The attentions too, of the prince became doubly assiduous, and although he had not yet the courage to trust his tongue with the direct avowal of his wishes, nevertheless, he pleaded his passion with his looks. The demeanor of the countess suddenly changed. It was no longer passive. She obstinately kept her chamber, her fair friend and a spaniel which she learned had been a favorite of Lorenzo's her sole companions. Solicitations, commands, threats were disregarded. Nothing could draw her from her seclusion. The prince lost hopes, the duke patience. From temporizing measures, he determined to have recourse to prompt and desperate ones.

The hour of rest had arrived—the friends were upon the point of separating for the night, when a summons at the door attracted their attention. The countess answered it—a servant presented himself—and a casket and a key were placed in the hands of the countess.

'From the duke,' said the bearer and retired.

The casket was opened. It contained a miniature of the prince, attached to a necklace of noble brilliants, a wedding-ring, and a note, which the countess hastily unfolded.

'The Prince of Milan, or the veil! Your decision to-morow.'

Such were the contents of the paper.

The countess threw herself into a chair, and sat for a considerable time, in a state of perfect abstraction. At length she started from her reverie.

'It is either a dream,' she said, 'or I was once the mistress of Lorenzo's portrait.'

'You were—you *are*,' said her friend.—'O, forgive,' continued she, throwing her arms round the neck of the countess, 'forgive me for having concealed it from you so long; but when the cloud which, thank heaven is now dispersed, came over your mind, I took the miniature from your bosom to secure it, and have hitherto refrained from apprizing you of its existence, as I perceived that you had forgotten it, and feared that to recall it to your recollection, by restoring it to you would only serve to aggravate your sufferings.'

'Where is it?' inquired the countess, gasping for breath.

'In the secret drawer of your cabinet,' replied her friend. 'You have never yet asked me for the key. Here it is; you know the spring. Shall I leave you alone?'

'Yes.'

'Good night.'

The countess could scarcely articulate the response. She was left alone. She rose from her chair, which was close to the cabinet, and applied the key. Scarcely was its office performed when the room swam round. She tottered back to her seat and sank into it; and had fainted, had not a flood of tears come to her relief. She drew her chair still closer—touched the spring—the drawer opened.—With a throbbing heart, she drew from it the portrait of Lorenzo, attached to a string of simple silk. Holding it in one hand, she sat contemplating it; her other hand averted in the direction of the prince's portrait, which along with the casket from which she had taken it, was lying on a table that was near her. A low and melancholy sound startled her. It came from Lorenzo's favorite spaniel, which was setting before her, looking up in her face.

'Dost thou mean to remind me, Cæsar,' said she, 'of the fealty which I owe to my lord?—Thou need'st not!' added she, her tears pouring fast, while she pressed the mute image to her lips. 'Lie there!' at length she cried, placing the miniature in her fair bosom: 'Lie there! This be thy home, from which no other tenant shall displace thee! thy home in which thou shalt sojourn by day and by night, upon the earth or under the earth!' Then taking a sheet of paper she hastily wrote upon it these two words—'*The Veil*;' and folding it, placed it with the portrait and the ring in the prince's casket.

The week following she entered upon her noviciate in a nunnery contiguous to Rome, of which her aunt, the niece of a cardinal, was the superior. Earnestly did she prepare herself for her dedication to Heaven; but no persuasion could induce her to discard the portrait of Lorenzo. 'I am enjoined,' was her constant reply, 'I am enjoined to wean myself from things of earth. Earth has no property in whom this resembles—to be united to whom I look towards those blessed realms whither you recommend me to direct my thoughts and wishes. The stronger my hope of that, the more must I be devoted to heaven.'

Towards the expiration of her noviciate, her mind attained to that holy calm which may be conceived to impart a foretaste of a purely spiritual existence. Her probationary term was at length complete. She saw the dawn of the day upon which she was to take the vow that would place an impassable partition between her and the world; and she smiled upon it.

Attired in her most costly suit—set off with every ornament that the ingenuity of human vanity could invent—blazing with diamonds—she entered the church where her uncle the cardinal officiated. The soul-subduing ceremony began—the vow was propounded to her—she was upon the point of repeating it—when a sudden uproar at the door of the church attracted the attention of every one, and put a stop to the rites. All was surprise and alarm! The uproar increased!—'Let him in! let him in!' exclaimed a hundred voices all at once—at the same moment an emaciated figure—wretchedly attired, with the fragment of a chain hanging from one of his arms—rushed wildly up the aisle; and, throwing himself upon the steps of the altar, grasped firmly the feet of the cardinal.

'Save me!' the wretch exclaimed; 'I am an innocent man doomed to die the death of the guilty. I fly to the altar of your God and mine for refuge. I appeal to that God and to you, his appointed servant to save me from the hands that are thirsting for my blood, which they have no right to spill.'

Here the clamour at the door of the church was renewed with tenfold violence. The crowd were evidently resisting the officers of justice, who determined upon forcing their way, at last obtained an entrance, amidst hootings and execrations; and, headed by their chief, approached their victim—between whom and them the cardinal hastily placed himself, in an attitude that commanded obedience, and brought those in pursuit to a stand.

'His crime, signors?' demanded the cardinal, with an air of overawing dignity.

'He is an offender, condemned for life to the galleys, who has thrice attempted his escape, and thereby forfeited his life,' replied what appeared to be the chief. 'So please you, give him up to us,' demanded he, with an air of constrained respect.

'Not yet,' said the cardinal. 'Retire into the vestry; wait until the ceremony which you have interrupted shall have been concluded. You have my promise, from this place, that justice shall be done you. I charge myself with the custody of the man, and shall be answerable for his being forthcoming. Hence!' added he, in a tone of determined command, perceiving that they hesitated—'Hence! or remain at the peril of your souls! What means this!' continued he, observing that still they moved not. 'Know you not what you are?—Impious!—Lo, who is looking at you?' exclaimed he, pointing to the altar-piece—which was the crucifixion, executed to the very life.

The officers hung their heads, crossed themselves, bent their knees to the marble floor, and, rising, slunk away into the vestry.

'Come, my child,' said the cardinal, 'let us perfect your espousals with your God.—Meanwhile unhappy man,' continued he, addressing himself to the fugitive, 'withdraw thou without the railing of the altar—for the present thou art safe. Withdraw!' he reiterated, perceiving that he was unheeded, 'Hear you not?—What gaze you at?—What

mean you?' successively, but to no purpose, interrogated the cardinal.

The being whom he accosted had raised himself upon one knee, and with his hands firmly clasped, remained in that posture, intently contemplating the countess; to the oblivion apparently of the fate with which he was threatened—of the place where he was—of every thing that was passing around him.

'Poor wretch!' exclaimed the benevolent cardinal, 'Misery and fear have bereft him of his senses. Remove him gently from the altar.'

The assistants of the cardinal approached the unfortunate slave, raised him without his offering any resistance, and conducted him down the steps; he all the while looking back, his eyes riveted upon the fair votary of the shrine.

'Come, my child!' said the cardinal, 'come, let me make thee the happy bride of the cloister. Repeat the vow!'

'Forbear!' exclaimed the slave, endeavoring to free himself from those that held him. The countess started, and for the first time bent an inquiring look upon the slave.

'Poor maniac!' ejaculated the cardinal, 'he knows not what he does! Hurt him not, but remove him to a distance.'

The assistants obeyed, but not without difficulty did they now execute the cardinal's commands. Passiveness was turned to fury—the eyes of the slave seemed to start from their sockets—his limbs appeared to be suddenly endowed with supernatural strength. It was as much as the united efforts of the assistants could effect, to force him half way down the aisle—nor that, until exhaustion, on his part, assisted them. At last he sank in their arms—they stopped, and the church, which was now in a state of confusion, again became silent.

'Come, thou promised bride of heaven!' ejaculated the cardinal.

'She is mine!' shrieked the slave, starting up, his frame animated with renewed energy, 'My bride beyond my hope!—without my knowledge! Victoria!—Victoria!' continued he, his voice at the same thrilling, piercing pitch: 'Remember you not, Victoria?—the flight!—the pursuit!—the escape!—the discovery!—the transport!—the overtaking!—the return!—the promised nuptial couch—the couch which they compelled me to exchange for the noisome floor of the galley!'

He stopped he had not breath for more.—The church was as still as a sepulchre, when a scream from the countess caused every heart to leap—turned towards her every eye. Her countenance was lighted up with intense recollection; she clasped her forehead with both her hands, and stood for a moment or two, gazing in the direction of him who had spoken; then suddenly extending her arms, rushed down the steps of the altar, through the aisle, and throwing herself upon the neck of the slave—the assistants mechanically making way for her—sank lifeless into his arms—which had scarcely supported her a minute, when their master became equally insensible.

* * * * * * * *

Lorenzo and the countess found themselves—they knew not how—alone. Long time they spake not, except with their eyes—or their hands, which, locked in one another, gave pressure back for pressure.

'And had you renounced me, my bride,' at length said Lorenzo, 'when you determined to take the veil?'

A smile of delicious sweetness played about the mouth of the countess, while slowly she drew Lorenzo's miniature from her bosom, and having first pressed it to her lips, presented it to him. He glanced at it; and catching the fair one to his bosom, strainingly held her there; nor was his embrace resisted or unreturned.

The Prince of Milan, led by his passion for the countess had lent himself to the duke's plans. The letter and the miniature were delivered merely to lull suspicion, and give effect to future measures. The latter Lorenzo had sent for, at the suggestion of his rival, who until the real intentions of the duke were put into execution, was instructed to pass himself for Lorenzo's friend.

The cardinal was a man. For many a year the duke and he had not been upon terms. The honor of the family requiring that the affair should be hushed up as effectually as possible, matters were so contrived that it made but little noise. Where power can effect it, justice is speedily done. The slave returned no more to the gallies; his chains of iron were exchanged for bonds of silk. He was adopted by the cardinal, and in his friendship, and the love of the countess, found more than a solace for the sufferings he had undergone.

MISCELLANY.

For the Rural Repository.

Genius.

NO. II.

THE query has not unfrequently arisen whether genius is a blessing to its possessor, in other words, whether it is productive of more happiness than misery? The examination of this question is the design of the present disquisition.

It is certain that persons of naturally superior powers of mind, have been subject, in some instances, to many inconveniences and evils. Cases are on record of those who have been

'Checked by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown,
And poverty's unconquerable bar,'

and consequently, at times, have felt the keenest pangs of wretchedness. Two of the lamented bards of Scotia, Blake, and Tannahill, also Kirke White and Keats, and in this country, a Brainard and a Dennie, tell in a language not to be mistaken, that transcendant talent is sometimes the destroyer of happiness—the source of numerous ills.

Pope must have had much extreme bodily pain owing to the unremitted application of his mind to the labors of composition; he must likewise have had severe mental anguish, caused by the rage of malice or the tongue of slander. But his seasons of pleasure must also have been many and consummate. The thought that he had triumphed over his enemies, had out-strippd his numberless enviable competitors fo renown, and that he stood at the head, as leader of the poetic minstrels of his age, must have been rapturous and consoling.

Analogous to the situation of Pope was that of Byron—in some espects, at least.—He too had enemies though they troubled him not. He despised them—together with mankind in general—and avoided their presence thereby shunning the darts of their indignation. His feelings were not sensitive like those of Keats, to be wounded by the biting sarcasm of the reviewer, on the contrary it served to arouse his inflammable and independent spirit, and actuated him to increased exertion. Instead of blighting the poetic seed, as the critic intended, he caused it to spring up into a flower that will bloom in fresh luxuriance when he who strove to blast it, shall be buried beneath the rubbish of the past, and his name is erased from the very tablature of memory. This Byron well knew, and it was a sweet consolation to him. To a person of his temperament of mind it must have yielded draughts of the most exhilerating joy.

Was the life of Byron, counting its days of sunshine and gloom, an unhappy one? I believe not. His soul was not so 'scorched and desolated and blasted,' as Pollock would have it appear; nor was it such

'A gloomy wilderness of dying thought'

as the same anthor has represented it. Seasons of loneliness and despondency no doubt he had; but did he not have those of pleasure too, the most exquisite pleasure? Surely he who had such a fondness for the charms of nature, such a relish for the beautiful, the grand and the sublime, and who had the privilege of seeing, and did see at pleasure, all these; who

'mused alone on ancient mountain brows
And mused on battle fields where valor fought
In other days; and mused on ruins gray
With years; and drank from old and fabulous wells,
And plucked the vine that first born prophets plucked,
And mused on famous tombs and on the wave
Of ocean mused, and on the desert waste;
The heavens and earth of every country saw,
* * * * * * * * * *
Ought that could rouse, expand, refine the soul;'—

surely he must have spent a few hours of his existence in the most delectable manner. But aside from the pleasure he must have received from this source, the consciousness of the celebrity of his writings—that they would stand as long as the eternal Alps and Apenines which they so beautifully describe, must have sweetened the bitterest dregs that he was ever doomed to take.

It is sometimes urged as an argument against the happiness of the man of genius, that he has no peace or contentedness of mind, no relaxation from toil, but is ever taxing his mental powers in order to bring forth some new production. True the pains caused by intense aplication, are often great, but are not the pleasures following the completion of some Herculean labor, still greater? Cowper, speaking of one class of geniuses, says

'There is a plasure in poetic pains
Which poets aly know.'

So it is: the toils of composing may cause the writer some sore slight ills, but what are they, in comparision with the enjoyments of which he partakes when his production is finished? Imagine what must be the feelings of the real genius, thirsting for honor and immortal fame, after he has wrought some glorious work, and knows that it will last till the voice of distant ages, in praise of its superlative merit, is drowned amid the expiring groans of time. Through the microscopic eye of fancy he peeps thro' the long-drawn aisles of coming years, and beholds his name stamped in golden capitals, brightening each moment by the scouring sands of time, and continually glistening, with increased splendor, in the sunbeams of unfading glory.

What transport must have fired the bosom of Avon's matchless bard on the conception of his deathless characters, his lovely Juliet, his jealous Othello, his fiery Brutus and a host of others. Like observations may be made respecting every tragic writer of note. With equal propriety they may be applied to the painter, the sculptor, and in short to any exceller in the arts and sciences. The joys of the mathematical, the astronomical or the philosophical genius, those of an Archimedes, a Galileo, a Newton and a Franklin, and in later times, a Herschel, a Davy and a Fulton, with a multitude of others, are familiar to, or can be imagined by all. They for a while, most of them, experienced many trials, privations and anxieties; indeed they all found it difficult

'to climb
The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar,'

and often 'felt the influence of malignant star;' but when they had once gained that enviable height, and taken their seats in the 'proud temple,' then their happiness was complete. Thus has it been with an innumerable multitude of nature's predestined sons of greatness, and so it now is. Fortune may turn from them—poverty may claim them as her own—clouds and thick gloom may overshadow them, and darken their pathway through the wilderness of life—still with the star of glory, in their mind's eye brightly beaming before them, they press forward with elastic tread, trusting as did the Italian painters that when they take their final exit from the stage of human life they shall pass through the portals of everlasting fame.

Dracut, Ms. J. C.

Yesterday.

On! say, ye studious, grave, and old,
Tell me, all ye fair and gay,
Oh! tell me where I may behold
The fleeting form of Yesterday!
Where's Autumnal plenty sped?
Winter, where's thy boist'rous sway?
Where's the vernal floweret fled?
Summer, where's thy Yesterday?

Fugitive Poetry.

'WHAT do you think of yesterday?' If you put this question to ten different persons, nine of the ten, in all probability, will take you up on the weather—that most tame of all topics of conversation. Should the present happen to be a wet day, yesterday is sure of coming in for a thousand compliments. 'Oh, it was such a fine day!—not a single drop of rain—the sky was so very clear too! perhaps it was the finest day we have had within our recollection!' And yesterday is gone!

But this is a fine day, and yesterday was a very bad day. You could not stir out of doors for the rain. The streets were in a perfect puddle. You got yourself drenched to the skin in crossing from your own to your opposite neighbor's door. It was a day of miseries! And yesterday is gone!

Is yesterday no more worth thinking of than as its weather affected our clothes? Did it do nothing for us beyond causing us to furl or unfurl an umbrella? Was there not something about it that deserves to be remembered? Or did it pass over our heads as if we had been asleep? If it is not worth recalling, we may rest assured that all is not right with us. We must have been either too much at ease to enjoy life, or too unobserving to deserve it. A day lost is like a life lost: a thing of whose value we are ignorant, and which we can never, never recall. We have no power over the past. Let it once slip through our fingers, and it is useless to us for ever. It cannot even be classed among the things that were, for it has left no token behind it of its ever having existed. It has stolen upon us, and stolen away from us. It has left no handwriting on the wall. The pleasures or the pains that it brought with it have been swallowed up in the struggle to get, as fast as possible, to the future. A few more yesterdays, and we can give no account of them.

And so this is the manner in which mankind dawdle away existence! For ever complaining of the shortness of life—vexed that they cannot add a few more years to their fleeting existence—now hurrying to and fro not to lose an instant—and yet, in the main, actually tiring themselves in planning how they may kill their time—how they may destroy the present hour as an enemy to their happiness; and then, after accomplishing their purpose, falling back on their lamentations of the briefness of the little space of time allotted to them. What inconsistent beings we are! Never contented—always something to harass us! Slow to learn that the passing minutes compose the yesterday of to-morrow; and that those minutes are all that we can call our own!

If we be not responsible to the world, we are so to ourselves. It is this that makes yesterday often so painful to review. Did we make the most of it as we might have done, or did we make any thing of it? Did it teach us charity? It takes many yesterdays to impress that on the heart. What good thing did we learn from it? It was only a yesterday, and one cannot learn any one thing in a single day! It is too near home to be looked back upon with pleasure, and we are too improvident of an untold or unknown store of them to sigh much for its departure.

Then, is yesterday of no account at all with us, simply because it noted no public event? It is perhaps an interval of wretchedness to some gone by—an escape of part of their existence from habitual misery. It is better to them than to-day, for the rest is only in the grave: yet it is a portion of the hope which sustains them in their uphill journey lost to them—gone with one-half of the dreams that ushered in its existence! It is the link that connects with the present and the future. Although past, its experience is ours, limited though that may be. It reminds us that we have one foot in the grave, and it ought to tell us that we know not when the other may follow.

When we think of the past, we go back so very far that yesterday seems as much our own, and at our own disposal, as to-day. Time mellows every thing—even hatred and ill-will. Rob Roy's lady says, that all may be forgotten but a sense of injury and a desire for revenge. These may rankle in the bosom, but there are other things besides, that cannot but be remembered. Speaking of mankind generally, a sense of injury is exhausted by time and circumstance; and the desire for revenge is so often blunted by what may be called retributive justice being visited on the offender, brought into operation by the laws which govern the well-being of society, that we may safely say vengeance is no more; these very laws, in their beauti-

ful working, having rid the world, in a great measure, of the cause and the effect, which, among uncivilized people, act and result from an unlimited licence being allowed to the animal propensities of our nature. Those things best and mostly worthy to be remembered have little to do with those passions which are supposed to act with the greatest violence on the mind. No man ever looked back upon his schoolboy days, and in the company of an old schoolfellow, with any other feeling than that of the most unrestrained pleasure, nor can he ever erase from his memory the endearing attentions of his mother, or his first breaking-in to the stern duties of life. We never seriously regret any particular step we may have taken in our outset in the world, for it is connected with some associations that we would not want for all that we possess, and its very recollection often makes up for much immediate distress. Supposing that we have had nothing but hardships to encounter from the cradle till now, the distant past makes them assume a character the reverse from their reality. It converts weeds into flowers, and gives perfume to them too. Thus the yesterdays of manhood hold no comparison with the yesterdays of our youth.

There is another pleasing reflection connected with the *past* past, which tells against the *more immediate* past. We rarely, or never, make the most of our time and opportunities that we feel we ought to do. In youth much of that responsibility which we are all under to ourselves, is taken off us by our natural or acquired guardians; but left to our own resources, we have no subterfuge to flee to with which to satisfy the conscience. We are, in the former instance, so far irresponsible as others are so for us; but, in the latter we must stand by ourselves. Thus the foibles, the follies, the errors, the derelictions of mature years, come with fearful force against the self-judging principal within us, and often send us abroad to hunt after palliations.

Yesterday comprises much in its little sound. It is indeed the present when well applied, but the past when misused. It is something that we may even yet grapple with. Though severed from the chain of human existence, it may still be turned to some account. It ought to be a question of serious import with every man, What did I learn yesterday? Or what did I do for my own welfare or for the welfare of others? Let us try to say something more for ourselves and our fellow-creatures, than that 'all our yesterdays have only lighted fools the way to dusty death.' When we can say nothing better of them, we have 'lived long enough!'

Begin Right.

I KNOW a man who is very rich now, though he was very poor when a boy. He said his father taught him not to play till his work for the day was finished, and never to spend money till he had earned it. If he had an hour's work he was taught to do that the first thing, and to do it in half an hour. After this was done, he could play; and my young friends all know he could play with a great deal more pleasure than if he had the thought of his unfinished work on his mind. He says he early formed the habit of doing every thing in its season, and it soon became perfectly easy for him to do so. It is to this that he owes his present prosperity. I am very happy to add that he delights to do good with his riches.

Anecdote of the late Rufus King.

THOSE who have had the felicity of hearing that great man's eloquence when he was in the vigor of manhood, long remembered it. At the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution he resided in Newburyport, and then figured as an advocate at the Massachusetts Bar. His professional engagements often led him to attend the Supreme Judicial Courts in the old Colony.

His usual dress was the old-fashioned cocked hat, plain gray clothes and buttons covered with the same, much resembling the dress of the Quakers. On a certain occasion, while traveling to Plymouth Court, he was overtaken by a smart thunder shower, just before he arrived at the Quaker Meeting House in Pembroke, Mass. where a large and very respectable society of Friends had assembled to hold their Wednesday meeting. To secure himself from the rain he let down the sides of his hat and rode his horse under the sheds of the meeting house—into which he gracefully walked. The elders seeing a very well-dressed stranger of their order, as they supposed, enter, made room for him among them, where he took his seat. All was profound silence. After half an hour, Mr. King rose, and in Quaker phraseology delivered a most eloquent sermon of some length. All admired that preacher, but knew not who he was or whence he came. The meeting ended he speedily took leave, the shower having passed, and mounting his horse, rode expeditiously away. It seemed to be a vision from the clouds to the honest Quakers, who could get no information respecting the preacher—and it remained a matter of amazement for several years. At length Mr. King again attended the same Court as senior counsel in some important case, the foreman of the jury to try which, was one of the elders of that society. He sat, as usual very demurely, with his broad brim on in court. Mr. King was not recognized by him during the whole trial, his dress not being as before; but when he rose to make his closing argument to the the jury, he had proceeded no further than 'May it please your Honors, and Gentleman of the Jury,' when the honest Quaker sprang instantaneously on his feet, and clapping his hands smartly together, in excess of joy, exclaimed to the astonishment of the whole court-house:—'That is the man who spoke in our meeting!'

ANECDOTE.—We are much amused at the advice one Johnny Raw gave to another, on board a steamboat. 'Ephraim,' said he 'you had better look out for your boots to-night, or those fellows (the boot blacks) will get them, and I'll be darn'd if you get them again without paying ninepence; so you had better put them under your pillow, the way I do.'—*Bangor Farmer.*

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. G. Middle Granville, N. Y. $1,00; C. B. W. Gilboa, N. Y. $1,00; E. M. Castleton, N. Y. $1,00; P. E. E. Albany, N. Y. $2,00; E. & S. F. Meriden, Ct. $1,00; H. B. T. Cayuga, N. Y. $1,25; J. W. F. Poultney, Vt. $1,00; J. W. Stephentown, N. Y. $1,00; P. M. Coventryville, N. Y. $1,00; J. T. R. Amenia, N. Y. $1,00, B. F. B. Clockville, N. Y. $1,00; J. McK. Livingston, N. Y. $2,00; P. M. Oakfield, N. Y. 2,00; P. M. Moretown, Vt. $1,00; G. M. Crownpoint, N. Y. $1,00; A. G. West Camp, N. Y. $1,00; T. A. West Camp, N. Y. $1,00; R. D. C. Grahamville, N. Y. $1,00; L. H. Cleveland, O. $1,00.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 2d inst, by the Rev. J. B. Waterbury, Mr. Christopher M. Mellen to Miss Catharine Villee.

At Churchtown, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Frederick Hoffman to Miss Juliet Snyder, both of Claverack.

In Claverack, on the 31st ult. by the same, Mr. William H. Miller to Miss Catharine Maria Anderson, both of Claverack.

At Mellenville, on the 5th inst. by the same, Mr. Jonas Bruce of this city, to Miss Mary J. Smith, of Churchtown.

In Hillsdale, on the 20th ult. by the Rev. Samuel S. Mallery, Mr. Benjamin Crapser, of Summit, to Miss Delia Deboe of Hillsdale.

DIED,

In this city, on the evening of the 11th inst. Capt. ALEXANDER COFFIN, in the 99 year of his age, (born 21st Sept. 1740, on the Island of Nantucket.) Until within the last year, he was active and prompt in bodily exercise; the sickness terminating his life was of about four weeks duration, being the natural decay of the system. He was the last of the original proprietors who settled this city in 1784. Often called by his fellow-citizens to places of confidence—he was twice elected to the Legislature of Massachusetts; a member of the convention of this State for amending the Constitution; Post Master and Mayor of this city; discharging the duties with satisfaction to his constituents and honor to himself. He had long been an intelligent ship master of sterling integrity, until he finally discontinued the seas, at about sixty years of age. In the winter of 1774, he had for passengers to London, the consignees of the Tea then recently destroyed in Boston harbor. That so much worth should be early sought for, might well be expected; the same year he was invited to dine with Dr. Fothergill, in company with Dr. Franklin and a British Peer, in London; thus becoming early initiated in the views, feelings and anticipations of those true friends of the American colonies, he at once came out a firm supporter of the American cause, an unwavering patriot. He was the bearer of the despatches from Dr. Franklin, in Paris, announcing the friendly interest the French Court had manifested towards America. He was twice a prisoner during the war—was intimate with John Adams, John Hancock, and Samuel Adams, and the leading whigs of the Revolution—and has since enjoyed the most friendly relations with the most prominent men of the present day, and those preceding them.—*Col. Rep.*

In this city, of Consumption, on the 11th inst. Mr. Albert Stoddard, son of Jonathan Stoddard, in the 24th year of his age.

On the 1st inst. Mr. Weston Wilber in his 55th year.

On the 10th inst. Francis S. son of A. C. and Sarah F. Stevens in his 3d year.

On the 13th inst. Wm. R. son of J. Stow, in his 7th year.

At Albany, on Thursday morning last, John Van Ness Yates, Esq. in the 62d year of his age.

At his residence in the Manor of Livingston on the 11th inst, James S. Livingston, Esq. in the 70th year of his age.

In Ghent, on the 23d of November, 1838, John H. Macy, in the 91st year of his age. He had 19 children, 54 grand children and 59 great grand children; of whom were living at the time of his death, 11 children, 37 grand children and 47 great grand children.

SELECT POETRY.

From the Christian Keepsake.

The Dying Boy.

BY MRS. LARNED.

The following lines were written after reading an account of the death of a young mother and three children, from the inhuman neglect of the husband and father. The wife was taken suddenly ill, and left alone with her little ones, while her husband went to procure a physician, and other needful assistance, the nearest house being over two miles distant; but he forgot every thing save his own depraved appetite, became intoxicated before accomplishing his errand, remained so for a week, and on his return found them all dead. It is supposed that the mother died soon after the birth of her child, and that the boy struggled longest—that in trying to soothe his expiring sister, he sank down from weakness beside her, and could not at last release himself from her grasp.

Oh! mother dear, my lips are dry,
And Bessy's hands are cold;
Mother, dear mother! help me nigh
Your bosom—surely you can hold
Your little boy. I will not cry,
Nor ask again for drink or bread,
If you will only let me lie
Upon your breast, and hold my head.

Oh, mother! call your little boy
To your bedside—he'll try to crawl;
You said I was your only joy,
Your darling Henry, and your all;
And then you looked and screamed out so—
'Boy! to your cruel father go.
Why do you weep and wail to me?
Fly! fly! I've nothing here for thee!'

Don't stare so on me, mother, dear,
I'm still—though Bessy will not stir;
And she's too cold to lie so near—
O, why don't father come to her?
Poor Bessy cried herself to sleep;
I wish I could—but when I try,
My lips won't shut—and always keep
Wide open on your staring eyes!

Mother! how can you lie so still
With the dead baby in your arms!
Who did the little dear one kill!
You said 'twas now safe from all harms—
Can't I be dead too mother, say?
I'm sure 'tis very lonesome here—
Is heaven a very great long way?
And is our father waiting there?

I'm tired now, and cannot go,
And the bright sun does blind me so;
Oh, shut your eyes, dear mother do!
And let me love to gaze on you.
How can you see us lying thus,
On this iced floor—our feet so cold?
Once you would fondly run to us,
And round us both the blankets fold.

I'm falling—oh! the room turns round—
I cannot see you now;—but hark!
I hear a soft and pleasant sound;
Perhaps it is the little lark.
I love such sounds as these to hear,
And it is dark no longer now;
Dear little girls with wings are near,
And they are smiling on me too.

O, 'tis their songs so sweet and clear—
I think I hear them softly say,
Dear children stay no longer here;—
Come, come with us, we'll lead the way—
It must be heaven where they dwell;
I come!—I come!—Mother farewell!

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

The Death of the Motherless.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

'The little boy turned for the last time, his mild tender glance on those around, and seemed to say, 'Father, she calls! I go. I go. Farewell.'

'Who calls thee? who? my darling boy,
What voice is in thine ear?'
He answered not but murmured on,
In words that none might hear;
And still prolonged the whispering tone,
As if in fond reply
To some dear object of delight
That fixed his dying eye.

And then with that confiding smile,
First by his mother taught
When freely on her breast he laid
His troubled infant thought,
And meekly as a placid flower
O'er which the dew-drops weep;
He bowed him on his painful bed,
And slept the unbroken sleep.

But if yon immortal clime,
Where flows no parting tear,
That root of earthly love may grow,
Which struck so deeply here,
With what a tide of boundless bliss,
A thrill of rapture wild,
An angel mother in the skies,
Will greet her cherub child.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

The Peace of God.

BY LUCY SEYMOUR.

'In me ye shall have peace.'—St. John.

Ye shall have peace in me!
Thus to his sorrowing flocks the Saviour spoke
On that last night of mournful agony,
Whose strange events awoke
The electric chain which shall not cease to move,
Till all on earth shall know their Maker's love.

In me ye shall have peace,
However sternly, sadly, darkly tried;
Though every stream of earth-born comfort cease,
Each spring of hope be dried,
A pure refreshing fount within your breast,
Deep and unquenchable my peace shall rest.

Peace, peace in me! shrink not,
Oh, Christian! from the tempest's blasting power,
This shall redeem the darkness of thy lot,
And cheer thy saddest hour—
Shall breathe upon thy heart its soothing spell,
And every storm of fear and passion quell!

In me ye shall have peace!
A calm serenity—a sweet repose,
Making all doubt of thy acceptance cease—
Such as the world ne'er knows:
First drops of that etherial stream which rolls,
O'er the Elysian plains for blood-washed souls.

Earth is the home of grief,
It hath a tainted soil, a stormy sky,
Its hopes are shadows, its best pleasure brief,
It loveliest soonest die;
Its friendship's oft a dream, its love a snare,
And roses blossom on the brow of care.

Upon the zephyr's breath,
The sigh of sorrow and complaint is borne,
And the dark steps of sickness, pain and death,
Have many a furrow worn,
And printed deep mortality's sad trace
To tell the soul hath here's no resting place.

But 'midst the shadows dim,
And wrecks of happiness and hopes decayed,
The trusting spirit still finds peace in Him,
Who the world's ransom paid:
Earth hath no spot so dark, nor life so drear
The peace of God cannot illume and cheer.

My soul, may this be thine,
Changeless and pure through every future hour,
Ne'er for earth's paltry gifts the boon resign,
Heaven hath no richer dower:
Let not its warmth decrease, its luster die,
Till thou shalt hail its source in realms on high.

'Is it Sunday?'

'What is the lady doing there,
In such a posture?' Anna cried:
'The lady kneels in humble prayer,'
Her sister Bell replied,

Young Anna's silken lashes fell;
'You say the lady kneels in prayer,
To day, you know, is *Friday*, Bell,
And is it *Sunday* there?'

'I should be very sad if I,
Who sorrow almost every day,
For something wrong must wait and sigh,
Till Sunday comes, to pray.

'When I have erred in deed or word,
And tears arise, and blind mine eye,
My heart and lips with prayer are stirred,
Till I forget to sigh.

'When softly on my downy bed,
I wake, and find the morning there,
I think *whose* smile, that morning made,
And speak to God in prayer.

'When day's bright door is shut, I know
Whose viewless hand forbids her beam;
And dare not to my slumber go,
Till I have prayed to *Him*.

'Oh, sister dear, no matter where,
No matter what the hour of day;
Though solemn eve, or morning fair,
'Tis *always* good to pray.'

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